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1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

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IS IT A CLERICAL ERROR?

THE Rev. G. H. Hepworth is much disturbed in his spirit about the state of morals among the undeserving rich. "We have in New York," he says, in the *Independent*, "a limited number of princely families who have inherited power which they hold by the divine right of deserving." There are very proper people who have got used to having money, and think but little about it. Good on their heads, says the Reverend gentleman.

But just below them comes a clique of persons who have money which they use to conceal their crimes. They are fashionable but unutterably bad. A large income and unchecked passion are the goods that they affect. The annals of the divorce courts hint at 'goings-on' too bad to tell of that exist among them. To say they are a hard lot is to speak gently of the erring. They are worse than South Africans, Apaches, or cow-boys, and they give the tone to what in New York is called good society.

As members of society, under such leadership, we pray not for daily bread, but for daily dollars. Poverty is our dread, and it is cold comfort if we think that, though poor, we are honest. Wealth is what we are after, and, so that we get it, we care little if we have had to seek it through crooked paths. If a man steals a small sum he is a villain, and we are down on him; but for the genius who appropriates "banknotes by the ton," our censure is so modified by admiration that we end by tolerating him. We even marry for gold. A girl who marries a poor man with a damaged reputation is said to have thrown herself away, but a millionaire with no reputation at all, is a mighty good catch.

James and Howells are on the sitting-room table as good as new; we pretend to read them, but Zola lurks in retirement, worn and soiled by constant contact with our dirty thumbs.

Young girls are taught that a corner house on Fifth Avenue with h—l to pay, is better than an "honest

snuggery on a side street" with the man of their heart.

Doctor Hepworth has spoken with great freedom. Juvenal, Tommy Carlyle, Josephus Flavius Cook, and Jeremiah, by the amalgamation of their several wits could scarcely have made out a worse case. We confess that the enormity of our crimes surprises us. We knew that as a community we had our faults, but the facts that had come to our ears about the fast set in Boston were so much worse than anything we had heard of New York that we thought rather well of our own town by comparison. As for Boston, Hepworth or no Hepworth, it seems probable that any lasting benefit to society there must come through the agency of dynamite; that we are willing to concede; but is New York so bad?

We do not believe it is. We do not think the sort of people Dr. Hepworth tells of have the social power that he attributes to them. They are lavish in their use of money and their habits are curious and interesting, but even in matters of fashion, we believe that they are not leaders but followers who are tolerated only so long as their behavior in public is decent. The Extremely Fast are noisy while they last but they are not effective in proportion to the volume of their evil report.

HOW IS HE TO GET OUT OF IT?

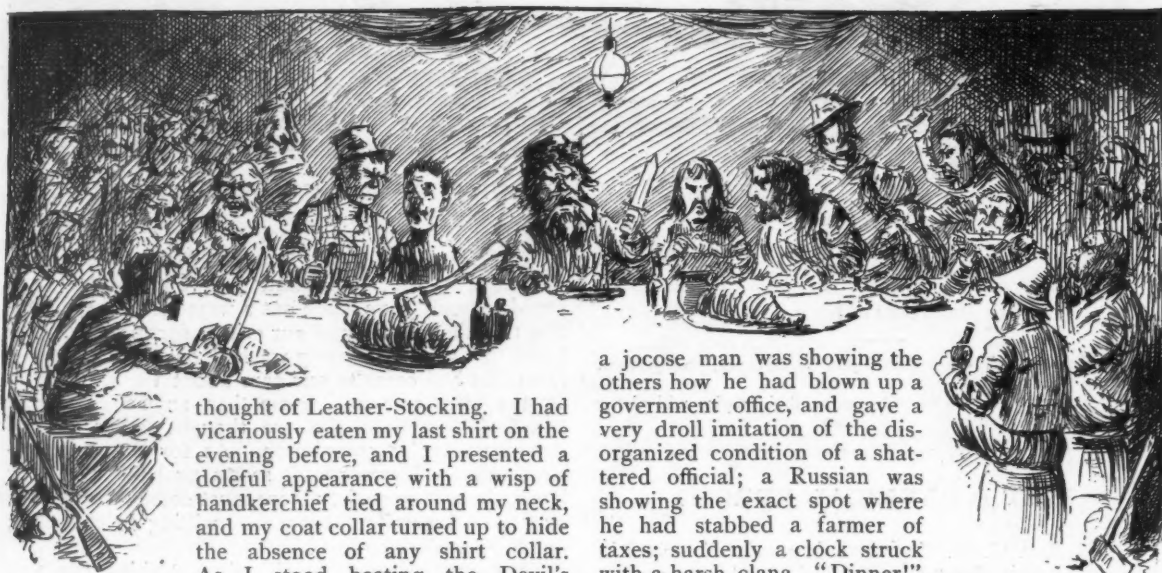
(By Cable from our Special Correspondent.)

A LIFE REPORTER, AT IMMINENT PERIL OF HIS LIFE
DINES WITH THE ANARCHISTS AT
ST. QUENTIN, FRANCE.

His Hideous Task.

ST. QUENTIN, FRANCE, March 22, 1883.

I AM here, as you know, awaiting remittances from you; and as I am now reduced to the clothes upon my back, I hope that your next esteemed favor will contain something more tangible than the compliments of the season. I have not tasted food since last night. At six o'clock yesterday afternoon I was very hungry, and my landlord had refused to give me dinner, saying that I can support existence upon the *dejeuner*, and that until he sees the *couleur de mon argent*, I can not come to the *table d'hôte*. So I wandered the main street of this accursed town, as hungry as a chained wolf, while all the world, save me, dined; the chiffonier dined, the gamins dined, the dogs gnawed bones; while I perforce tightened my waist-band and



thought of Leather-Stocking. I had vicariously eaten my last shirt on the evening before, and I presented a doleful appearance with a wisp of handkerchief tied around my neck, and my coat collar turned up to hide the absence of any shirt collar. As I stood beating the Devil's tattoo on the window of a bake-shop, and meditating whether I should break it and be sent to jail, where I might get fed, I was tapped upon the shoulder. Turning, I perceived a most degraded-looking workman, wearing a black, slouched hat.

"Ah, you are here," he said, in bad French.

"Yes, I am," I replied, in equally bad French.

"The banquet, are you not to be at it?" he asked, making a queer sign with his hand.

"*Un Banquet! je sourirai!*" I cried, making a sign at hap-hazard.

"*Allons, donc,*" growled the wretch.

I followed him willingly. Our way lay through dark, crooked alleys, down slippery steps, through arched, oozing passages. We finally stopped at the door of a sordid house. My guide gave a curious double knock at the door; a wicket was opened; there was a low whispering, and presently the door was opened and I found myself in a long passageway. I stumbled over something on the floor, but pressed on. I found myself in a low-studded, dingy room, filled with bad tobacco smoke.

The smoke lifted for a moment, and I saw fifty or sixty villainous faces; I soon lost my first acquaintance among the other wretches. A wild-eyed German shuffled towards me, tore open my coat, and pointing at the vacant space muttered to the crowd, "*Er hat kein Hemd; er ist einer von uns!*"

He then made me hold up my hand and put me through the forms of a terrible oath. When I had sworn to the rigmorole he filched a pipe from the pocket of one neighbor, some tobacco from that of another. "*Wenn du die Lungen versorgen willst,*" he said, grimly.

Accommodating myself to my surroundings I tipped a little man from a chair and took his match-box away from him. I then sat in the chair and lighted the pipe. Every one was talking at once. In the corner

a jocose man was showing the others how he had blown up a government office, and gave a very droll imitation of the disorganized condition of a shattered official; a Russian was showing the exact spot where he had stabbed a farmer of taxes; suddenly a clock struck with a harsh clang. "Dinner!"

yelled the crowd in many languages, and a wild rush was made to a door, which was crushed in by the pack. A dark lantern swung from a beam in the banquet-room and showed a mass of plates of cold food and jugs of liquor upon a deal table in the centre of the room.

A supper table crush at a ball is the only thing in civilized life which gives one an idea of the hideous crowd around the table. Each man held a knife in his hand and hacked a hunk from a dish of meat. As a grim joke a large goose was blown up and there was a scramble on the dirty floor for the fragments. This was called by the joker "*dinner a la Russe.*"

I had been faint with hunger, but I could not eat; in fact, I was so terrified that my appetite was gone. As I stood looking at the wild banquet, a big Irishman came towards me:

"And why are ye not atin'?" he asked; "are the victuals not to your taste?"

"I have dined," I gasped.

"Dined! Ye bloated aristocrat! Dined! Have ye? Dined! Anarchists feed! You have sworn to kill those who dine!"

"There is not much chance of my dining again," I said. "I dined on my shirt yesterday, and as you may imagine, I have not a good appetite after it."

"Bad cess to ye, dined on your shirt! Ye must have a full stomach; take a nip of whiskey, then, to digest the rag; if it was made of Irish linen the two will have a natural laning to each other."

He handed me a demijohn of whiskey; I took a long pull, for you may imagine I needed some sort of courage, and to my surprise, the whiskey was good. "Stolen from the hotel," explained the Irishman. They now began to clear the table by breaking it into inch-bits; and the German, who had sworn me in, got up and proposed the usual health, "Success to crime!"



INDUCTIVE REASONING.

Mr. Wm. Doodle: YES, MISS FROST, I ALWAYS WEAR GLOVES AT NIGHT; THEY MAKE ONE'S HANDS SO SOFT.

Miss Frost: AH! AND DO YOU SLEEP WITH YOUR HAT ON?

It was drunk with great shouts, and then everyone began yelling at once; I never liked after-dinner speaking, and knowing that a man who is speaking after dinner never has his wits about him, I seized the chance of stealing away. When I got in the long passage leading out I again stumbled over something on the floor; I lighted a match and found it to be the corpse of a man. His throat was cut from ear to ear. I rushed to the outer door, and, as I opened it, I heard a bell ring harshly. With much difficulty I found my way to my hotel, and on arriving at my room, I found my landlord waiting for me holding a letter in his hand. It proved to be from LIFE's correspondent in Vienna, asking me, in Heaven's name, for a loan. The landlord believed it to be a remittance, and, as he had paid half a franc postage on the letter, when it was delivered, he called me a "Pig of Hell," and stumped off to bed. I found that he had previously taken all the blankets from the bed. The heartless monster! After a cold, wretched night I

awoke to find a placard fastened by a dagger to the head of my bed.

"You have been chosen to blow up the Czar. Start for Russia immediately."

I am writing you in a cold perspiration! Heaven knows whether you may hear from me next week or not!

MR. ABRAHAM W. MARKS, of Austin, got a divorce from Rachel Wells, one week after he married her, and led to the altar Kate Wells, her sister.—*Virginia City Chronicle*.

He loved not wisely, but 2 Wells, as it were.

MR. JOHN L. SULLIVAN's friends were greatly shocked to learn that he had a severe hemorrhage from the nose yesterday.—*Boston Post*.

The friends of Mr. Paddy Ryan were likewise greatly shocked a year ago to see that *he* had a hemorrhage from the nose. Mr. Sullivan, we believe, was present on the dismal occasion.

THERE is a Brooklyn doctor who prescribes soda-water for his patients.—*Brooklyn Union*.

It improves their fizz-ique, we suppose.

CHARLES MOON, of Denver, swallowed a live bullfrog Thursday evening, on a wager, drank a glass of whiskey, and said he felt remarkably well.—*Tribune*.

This isn't so very astonishing. If it were the bullfrog that had swallowed Charles Moon and drank the whiskey, there would have been something in it.

RAISING the wind is an agreeable process, if successful even to a moderate degree, but when the wind raises you back, as in the case of the Georgia cyclone, it gets monotonous.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 27th, 11:20 A.M.—2 little boys and 1 pistol.

St. Louis, Mo., April 27th, 11:25 A.M.—1 little boy and 1 pistol.

MR. FRANCIS A. HAWKINS, of Selma, Alabama, blew down the muzzle of his gun, and the gun reciprocated by blowing up Mr. Hawkins' muzzle. The will has been admitted to probate.

THE dynamite question seems to be a tempest in a teapot. Irish dynamite has killed nobody yet. It has broken a few panes of glass in the office of the Home Secretary, and that is the sum of Mr. Rossa's achievements. The skirmishers seem to be more afraid of their own dynamite than are the English.



ILLUSTRATED ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED—TWO WOOD ENGRAVERS, MECHANICAL.
—, box —, Philadelphia.



THE neck of Miss Minnie Valore,
Was in length about seven foot four;
She could lean back with you
In pew 32
While she whispered in pew 34.

MR. Barnum has imported 30 Nubians, who are to be exhibited as great curiosities from the fact that "they abhor water for bathing purposes." Come the Nubians from Limerick or from Naples?—we forget which.

SUPERINTENDENT Walling undertook, like Moses, to bluff King Faro last week, but the success of his attempt is questioned.

DR. JOHN WILBERFORCE KENNION, of Christ's Cleft Mission, is propagating the gospel in a way that there may be profit in studying. Dr. Kennion's rhetoric is not lofty nor is his erudition vast, nor does his name stand high in evangelical fame. Yet he feeds the hungry and the homeless, and he gathers the ragged and the despised about him and gives them comfort; his rhetoric is hot coffee, and his eloquence is sandwiches, and his text is an invitation for the tramp and outcast to come and eat and drink and forget their physical sorrow. This is a sermon to the point, and when supplemented by a piece of soap, with careful directions as to its use, seems worthy of imitation.

LIKELY.

"IF, at General Grant's death-bed, somebody should say to him, 'Secession was right,' and he should respond incoherently: 'It is; I am,' and the assertion should thereupon be made that General Grant had stultified his whole life and become a Secessionist, the report would be scouted as preposterous."—*Independent*.

But if, at such a solemn moment, when the General's spirit was quivering on the brink of eternity, and his laboring breath grew weaker, a district telegraph boy carrying a box of cigars and leading a reluctant bull-terrier pup by a string, should force his way through the group of about-to-be mourners and say, "If you be General Grant, these here's fur you!" we should regard as by no means preposterous the report that the dying soldier's incoherent answer was, "They are; I am."

DU MAURIER.

[Condensed from a Review by Henry James, Jr., in the last "Century."]

AN English boy, born of American parents in the city of New York, who could and did easily slip through the bars of the iron fence that surrounded Union Square in 1853, and who remembers enough of the circumstance to write several thousand words about it, dearly loved *Punch*, or the *London Charivari*, at that period, and to-day has a sufficient knowledge of the motives which actuated Du Maurier in the making of his pictures for that publication, to warrant the issue of an extended treatise.

Leech, who disappeared from the pages of *Punch* at about the time of the occurrence of the darkest period of the American civil war, was a sunny, robust man; having an intimate knowledge of the horse, which enshrined him in the hearts of Englishmen; but not the less capable on that account of drawing a London fog, which he sometimes did so consummately that it would stick to the fingers of subscribers; and potent to sketch a cold morning with a vigor that has not been surpassed, if, indeed, it has been equalled among delineators of British temperature.

Du Maurier's pictures, which were born grown up in *Punch*, close up on the obsequies of the others, are not like those; and they are different from Cham's, whose children are all devils. Leech lacked imagination as obviously as Cham's mind was an inferno, and as obviously as the latter hated and abhorred the human young. Not so of Du Maurier, equally because one of his parents was French, and because the conviction was anchored deep down in him that it is desirable for all men and women to have long necks. Taking for his model a Chianti wine flask, than which there is no more graceful creation, he made everybody tall, straight and slender—with the solace of a restrained rotundity added. Chianti is the perpetual hymn that his art has sung in the pages of *Punch* for twenty years. And it is not less an English art because its model is Italian, and because it is unlike the art of Leech, and because the children of Cham are the unmistakable product of the Pit. I marvel that it is so distinct from all other English art, and yet that it is distinctly English. It is distinctly English, if for no other reason than because it may fearlessly be introduced in the British nursery. As compared with the art of Leech, while it is far more imaginative, it is less rugged. Caricature has become detoned, as it were, in the hands of Du Maurier, and the detonation of the pictures in *Punch* is their most striking characteristic to-day. I am not saying that the lack of detonation in Leech is to his discredit, although it is obvious that he would not have suffered if he had detonated either moderately or so boldly as Du Maurier has done; and perhaps we should not ask for the detonation of the impish and subterranean children of Cham; but not the less is the competent reverberation of Du Maurier most pleasing.

In concluding, I do not know that I can lay before Du Maurier any tribute that will be more acceptable to him than the assurance of my approbation. He makes tall, straight and beautiful men and women because the instinct of fair form is predominant in him; because serene comeliness is the loadstone of which his art is the respondent needle: because the placid and pellucid expanse of his genius lies at an altitude where it finds naught to mirror but the consummate stars; because by an inborn and British power he is constrained to be a matchless agent in his way, as I am in mine.

DELAWARE people are going to have good circuses, or find out the reason why they can't. Mr. O'Brien's circus recently visited Wilmington and was mobbed, the baby elephant was tarred and feathered, and the consumptive giraffe shot so full of holes that his skin wouldn't hold his principles. Now, if Dr. Talmage could only be induced to go to Wilmington, and—but, pshaw! he won't go, and that ends it.



INFANT CHORUS.

"HOOP DE DUPE-N-DUPE."

CHANGE.

A LOVELESS seed slept in a cave
Through years of frost and gloom,
Until an angel sunbeam came
And kissed it into bloom.

So did the blossom of my soul
Awake, one perfect morn,
But envious death beat down the bud,
And left me but the thorn.

GUY CARLETON.

Now that the Chinese base-ball club is a thing of the exploded past, we shall be inflicted with a Ladies' Nine. This is not a new idea. The Muses were the first Ladies' Nine, and Apollo was the captain.



THE DUTY ON WO

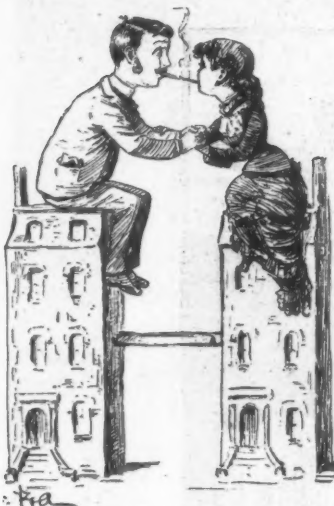
CALL OFF YOUR DOG, UNCLE SAM! YOU A



Y ON WORKS OF ART.

AM! YOU ARE KEEPING OUT THE WRONG CROWD.

WHILE CIGARETTES TO ASHES TURN.



I.

E smokes — and
that's enough !"
says Ma.
"And cigarettes, at
that !" says Pa.

"He must not call
again !" says she.
"He shall not call
again !" says he.

They both glare at
me as before—
Then quit the room
and bang the door,

While I, their will-
ful daughter, say,
I guess I'll love
him, anyway !"

II.

At twilight, in his room, alone,
His careless feet inertly thrown

Across a chair, my fancy can
But worship this most worthless man !

I dream what joy it is to set
His slow lips round a cigarette,

With idle-humored whiff and puff—
Ah ! this is innocent enough !

To mark the slender fingers raise,
The waxen match's dainty blaze,

Whose chastened light an instant glows
On drooping lids and arching nose,

Then, in the sudden gloom, instead,
A tiny ember, dim and red,

Blooms languidly to ripeness, then
Fades slowly, and grows ripe again !

III.

I lean back, in my own boudoir—
The door is fast, the sash ajar ;

And, in the dark, I smiling stare
At one wide window over there,

Where some one, smoking, pinks the gloom—
The darling darkness of his room !

I push my shutters wider yet,
And lo ! I light a cigarette ;

And gleam for gleam, and glow for glow,
Each pulse of light a word we know,

We talk of love that still will burn
While cigarettes to ashes turn.

J. W. RILEY.



BOOKISHNESS.

HAYDIN'S "Dictionary of Dates" is a sort of encyclopædia preserving the Fruits of History.

"STRAY PEARLS" is the name of the latest Imported English novel which is cast before American swine.

"FANCHETTE" is the latest Round Robin novel but it is as erratic and as young-maidish, and as unexpected as if it had been written by "Planchette."

THE latest French novel is M. Ludovic Halévy's "Criquelette." But it is about a French girl and not about an Imported English game, as the title suggests.

A NEW book of dramatic criticism has for its title "Nights at the Play," so it probably contains a review of "Rouge et Noir," and "Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life."

MR. E. A. FREEMAN has been guilty of "Some Impressions of the United States," from which we incline to the opinion that this Mr. Freeman is probably an Englishman.

THE latest number of Dr. McCosh's "Philosophic Series" is called "Princeton; what it Can Do and what it Cannot Do." It deals with the question of secret societies in colleges.

In the May *Atlantic* there is a paper by Mr. W. D. Howells called "Niagara Revisited, Twelve Years after their Wedding Journey." The wedded couple having been able, apparently by the exercise of the strictest economy, to save up in that time enough money to propitiate the local hackman.

THE indefatigable Mrs. Oliphant has written her 21,093,789th novel, and it tells about the "Wizard's Son." Perhaps her next will be called "Second Sight," or the "Seventh Son," or a "Conjuror's Daughter."

"ASHORE with a Florida Sponger" is the title of a paper in the May *Lippincott's*. It is written by Ernest Ingersoll. If the Florida sponger is a worse specimen of the human octopus than the New York sponge, Mr. Ingersoll has our sympathy.

BORN SO.

IN his article in the May number of the *Century* Mr. James makes some interesting revelations of the working of his spirit in his childhood. It is no less curious than sad to notice how thoroughly, in his case, the boy was the father of the man. There is a striking dearth of aspirates in his juvenile aspirations. The very numbers he lisped in were the numbers of *Punch* and the calves of Leech's footmen had for him greater charms than the shapely legs of our own immortal George. Perhaps sometimes we have judged Mr. James harshly: we feel bound to regard his British predilections with broader charity now that we know them to be innate.



TRAGEDY.

John (who is an antiquary): ELIZA, MY DEAR, I BOUGHT A BEAUTIFUL MATCH FOR OUR OLD CLAW-FOOT TABLE AT AUCTION TO-DAY.

Eliza (who is anti-antiquarian): WHY, JOHN, YOU OLD FOOL, I SENT IT UP TO THE AUCTION THIS MORNING TO GET IT OUT OF THE HOUSE.

AMENITIES OF HIGH LIFE.

THE scene was a rocky elevation in the upper part of New York City, crowned by a crazy collection of shanties, which were, in the vernacular of the neighborhood, "set every way for Sunday." The approach to the summit of the cliff was not visible, and was doubtless difficult. The sidewalks below were equally invisible.

Mr. Bernard Mulcahey, at the foot of the rock, glorious in a high hat, and rejoicing in a black clay pipe, espied Mrs. Norah O'Flaherty, who was gazing down from the airy height.

"The top av the mornin' to yez, Misthress O'Flaherty," he remarked, in a strained-honey voice that brought the flies buzzing about him. "It's a flat I'm lookin' fur, mim."

"Do yez take me fur a flat, thin, ye bloody Fardowner?" she replied in a mixed-pickle tone that was strongly suggestive of acetic acid. "Say that agin, an' I'll drop a stun that'll make a flat av yez."

"It's mistaken yez are in my intentions, Misthress O'Flaherty. I'm wantin' to rint a flat, and was attrahcted by the illigant apartments up there."

"Be the castle av me fathers, that shtands in ould Oireland to this day! I'll make yez repint the act av flingin' mud at a respectable woman!"

"I'm not fur flingin' mud, Misthress O'Flaherty; but fur inspicthin' the apartments. Will I ring the front dure bell, an, will yez sind down a bye in buttons to show me up?"

"Be the ashes av me sainted grandmother, who was one av the O'Shanes av Castle Kilcorra!"

"Heaven rest her sowl!" interrupted Mr. Mulcahey.

"If I could git at yez this minnit, I'd knock yer high hat to smithereens!"

"Sure an' it's a foin, airy location yez have up there, Misthress O'Flaherty, an' it's the hoighth av good health the pigs must enjye, intoirely."

"Come up, thin, an' shlape in the shtye, ye thafe av the worruld."

"An' phwat did yez wear to the Vanderbilt ball, Misthress O'Flaherty?"

"Me dimuns an' me rubies, av coorse."

"It was yer eyes an' yer nose, thin, Misthress O'Flaherty."

"Now, Misther Mulcahey, ye flatter me. Jist wait a minnit, thin. I've got a prisint fur yez."

"I've shtrucked the widdy at last," muttered Mulcahey; but the next moment the present came down in the form of a pail of hot water, and his pipe was broken, and the glory of his high hat was gone, and the air quivered under his imprecations.



XIII.

BIOGRAPHETTE.

THE JERSEY LILY.

THIS great tragedienne was born in New Jersey, Aug. 1st, 1848, and is consequently just twenty years of age. From her earliest childhood she was trained for her professional career, and her aptness is mentioned by her biographers as phenomenal. When just sixteen she married a gentleman whose name we have unfortunately been unable to ascertain up to the hour of going to press. Her first manager was one A. Wales, alias "the Prince," under whom she made her *début* in London at the Marlborough Opera House, nine years ago, in Bulwer-Lytton's celebrated pantomime, "What Will he Do with It." Her success in this rôle was instantaneous, and even the gallery was filled with crowned heads during her entire engagement. She was supported by the entire Marlborough Opera House stock company, and was the attraction of the season.

The force of the lady's genius is fully shown by her surmounting obstacles thrown in her way by nature. Unblessed in form or feature, she nevertheless holds a position in art which is peerless, and it may safely be said that at no time in their career did Rachel or Ristori ever act as she does. In Shakespearian comedy she is extraordinarily free from those conventional methods of work which are usually seen upon the stage, while to other and less serious plays she lends an entirely new feature. In short, she may be said to have enriched the stage with a freshness it has not known for years, and the opinion of that great and discriminating critic O'Wilde, must be concurred in that with her exit from the stage will pass from it something which we may never, never, never see again.



"FORTUNIO" is claimed by Mr. F. T. S. Darley, the composer, to be the great American Comic Opera for which we have been so long pining, and accordingly I was not surprised to find that the libretto was an Englishman's adaptation of a French fairy story, with local touches *ad lib*, by Darley (?) The music also proved to be largely of foreign origin, neatly localized, certainly, by Darley. After having sat through the entire performance, I cannot conscientiously say that Planché's words, or Sullivan's and Audrian's music have been much improved by taking out naturalization papers.

But the grand American act was, after all, the introduction of a transformation scene. My seat being near the front, I was enabled to catch occasional glimpses of this dazzling spectacle (a privilege not enjoyed by many in the audience) of four horrible examples of parental brutality from the S. P. C. C. clinging convulsively to a group of painted, yellow dogs, and who were only restrained from seeking refuge among the audience by a semi-opaque gauze at the back of the stage. The "Transformation" was purely subjective, the spectators being expected to see in all this "the approach of the fairy Favorable in a chariot drawn by four and twenty golden sheep." This tragedy was enacted last week at the Cosmopolitan.

"Pygmalion and Galatea" is the title of a comedy by W. S. Gilbert. Within three weeks it has been done in this city by two companies, one supporting the American beauty, Mary Anderson, the other acting quite independently of the English beauty, Lillie Langtry. Of the two, I prefer the native to the imported pretty face. But both of these ladies seem to be laboring under the impression that the play was an opera, written in a recitative on one note. This is erroneous.

"Caste" is pursuing the Eben Plympton of its ways at the Bijou.

"Vim," a title that certainly applies to the acting of the piece, is delighting crowded houses at Tony Pastor's.

Charles Wyndham and Company, who have been continuing their "Brighton" success of the autumn at the Union Square, changed their bill yesterday (Tuesday) to the "Great Divorce Case." As LIFE goes to press Monday, and I must, therefore, write my criticism in advance, I will simply say that this very amusing play was enthusiastically received last evening by a characteristic first night audience. The piece is brightly written, and so cleverly acted by the members of the cast that individual mention of one or two lights leads to invidious distinctions that do not in reality exist.

The last act of a tragedy in Still-life was performed on Monday, when the benefit of Doorkeeper Boys drew to Booth's Theatre the last audience that will assemble within its walls. This building connected with so much that is memorable in theatricals since its doors were first opened in 1869, will now be given over to the ruthless hand of the builder who will conduct the transformation scene that will turn it into a home of commerce and a haunt of trade.

POINTDEXTER NIBBS.

IN THE YEAR 1939.

ETHEL: Mama, what did grandpa do?

MAMA: Do, dear; what do you mean?

ETHEL: What was his business, mama?

MAMA: He was a witness in the Major-Harold suit, my child.

AFTER THE BALL.

"At supper . . . not where he eats, but where he is eaten."

"YOU'RE an angel!" she said, as she nibbled the pheasant,
(How her ravishing voice thro' my memory rings!)
And I lifted my glass, and I tried to look pleasant,
As I said: "Mia cara, I haven't the wings!"

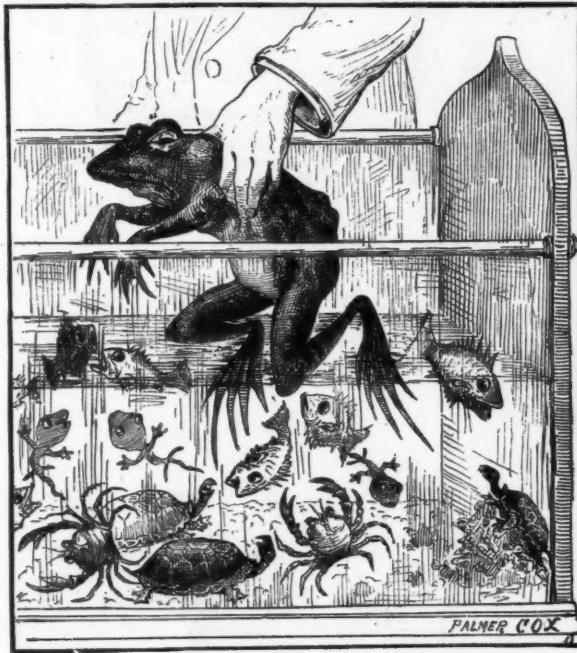
"But you're rich!" she replied, my red Romanée scorning,
And I answered her back in the soberest tones,
"Yes, to-night, cara mia, but think of the morning,—
Who shall tell of the future of Bell Telephones?"

"You're an angel!" she cried, as the bill they presented
For a thousand and one of the choicest of things;
And, remorseless, she smiled at the score I resented—
"You're an angel, I tell you, for riches have wings!"

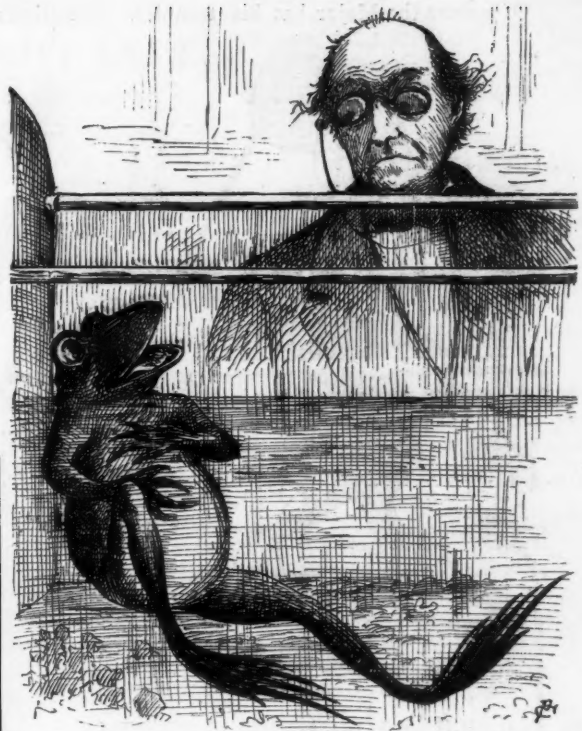
T. R. SULLIVAN.

THE BULLFROG OF BELLEVUE.

THE emeritus Professor of Corpuscular Microscopy
at Bellevue College had a pet aquarium four
years ago, and the turtles, sticklebacks, crabs and tad-



poles thereof were his special delight. A scientific and frugal friend, as the Professor's birthday drew near, bethought him of a bullfrog as a present; so he sloped around in New Jersey and caught the Major, who is the subject of this sketch. Now the Major was about as meek-looking a bullfrog as there was in that swamp. He was long-legged and thin, and he had more angles than the fourth problem of Euclid. When carried to Bellevue in a slop bucket he never even once croaked, and when introduced by the professor into the aquarium he seemed to be only anxious that the crabs shouldn't get him before he had time to say his prayers, and the kind Professor had to pet and soothe him, before he would consent to remain. The Major was fooling. Next morning, when the Professor went to look at the aquarium, he half feared the fish and tadpoles had eaten the Major. Had they?



OH, NO!

The Major was leaning back, picking his teeth with the tail of one of the tads, and smiling all over. This was the Major's entry into science. From that day forth he devoted himself to his studies with a zeal which could not be surpassed. Having mastered the most difficult branches of gastronomy and peptics, he turned his attention to electricity. In this branch of physics he soon distinguished himself, and to this day he always —



ASSISTS AT THE LECTURE.

Of course the Major has his troubles. Sometimes doesn't work satisfactorily, and then of course —



THEY FORGET TO FEED HIM,
and he is compelled to skirmish for himself. Then again, whenever the Professors of Pathology, Therapeutics and Materia Medica have discovered a new remedy, or think they have, the Major gets the first dose of it Sometimes —



THE NEW REMEDY



THERE IS TROUBLE.

Over one-half the entire pharmacopeia has been shoved into the Major already, and he is now so used to it that his regular cocktail of prussic acid, vitriol and arsenic is as necessary to his comfort as is the annual



VACATION.

H. G. C.

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

'Render unto Scissors those things which are Scissors.'
—[St. Paul to the Fenians. IV., xi, 44.]

The *Rural New Yorker* asks: "Why not vitriolize tomato-seed to counteract rot?" and we reply that we vitriolize poets in the "Answers for the Anxious," for the same reason.—*Puck*.

He rang the door-bell of a banker. The servants tells him, "Monsieur does not receive to-day." "That makes nothing to me. My racket is to know if he will give anything."—*French*.

Edith—So far as we can learn, the most fashionable parasol this season will be the one that can be seen the farthest, costs the most, and gives the least possible amount of solid comfort.—*Philadelphia News*.

A new baby recently arrived in the family of a Louisville journalist, and papa was excessively proud over the event. Turning to the old black nurse, "Aunt," said he, stroking the little pate, "this boy seems to have a journalistic head." "Oh," cried the untutored old Aunt, soothingly, "never you mind 'bout dat; dat'll come all right in time."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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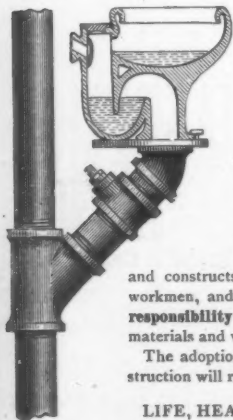
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